

# Frank Black, The Vanishing Spies

The vanishing spies, just something I read  
A couple of eyes from out of the head  
And all that was said  
Was that's just how some things don't materialize

Could be they broke and swan like a bird  
Fear of spooking the folk with talk of the third  
Or maybe the third played a joke

Give me a blip, oh  
And I'll totally flip, oh yeah, yeah  
Say it's nothing but sky  
And I'll be a lonely guy

The vanishing spies, just something I read  
Now there were two eyes sent out from the head  
And all that was said  
Was that is just how some things do not materialize

Give me one little blip, oh  
And I'll totally flip, oh oh, yeah, yeah  
Say it's nothing but sky  
And I will be one lonely guy